DARK HORSE COMICS

#3

SURVIVAL™

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A 12-GAUGE COMICS PRODUCTION

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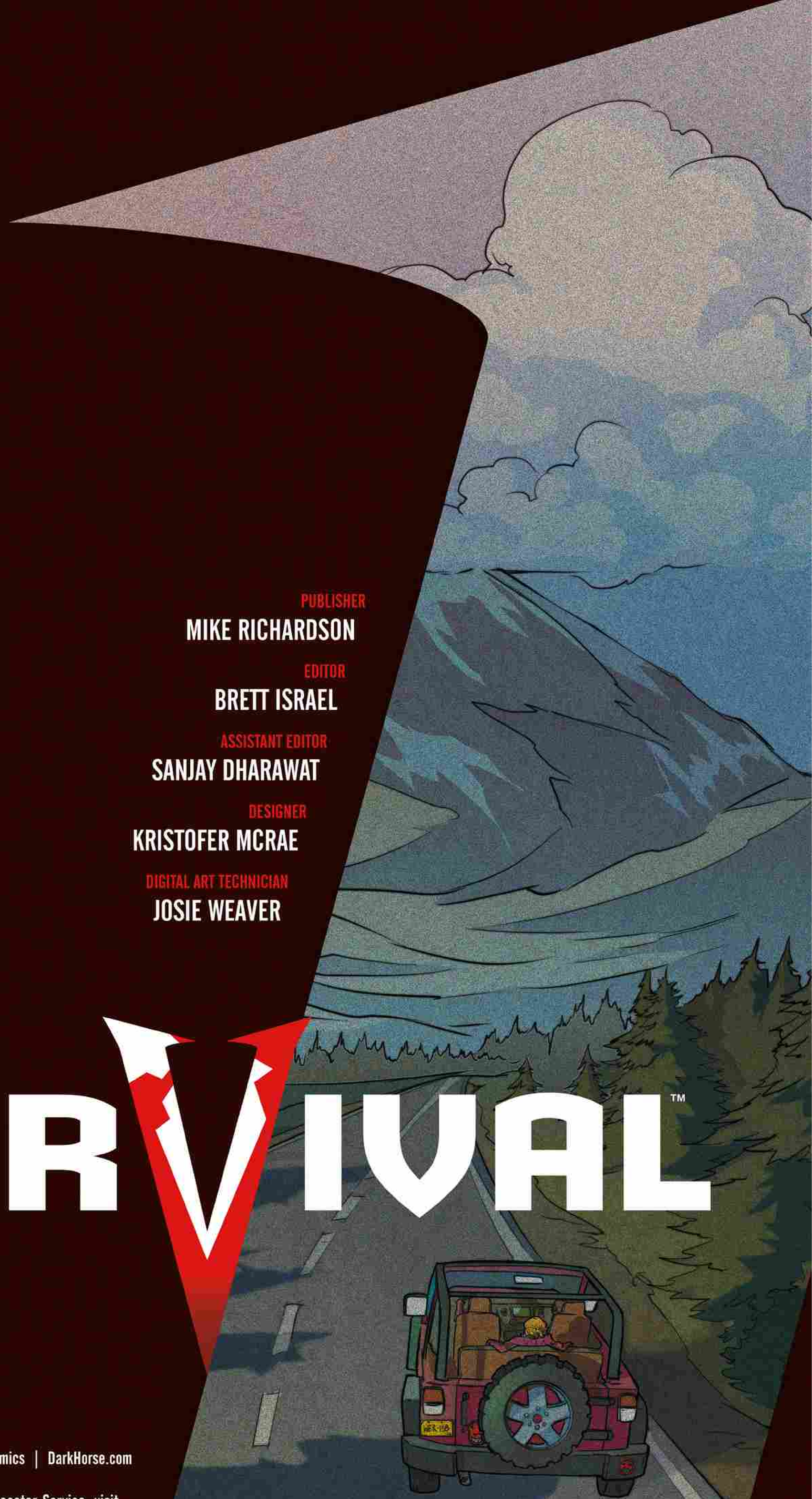

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KOYOVA...

DAD! WE GOT SOMETHING OUT HERE.

KOYOVA.

WHEN MOM DIED, IT TAUGHT ME THAT YOU HAVE TO TAKE A STAND.

EAT A BULLET.

NO MATTER WHAT.

I DON'T CARE WHAT GOD YOU'RE CALLING TO. LIKE MY DAD SAYS, ALL THINGS MEET THEIR MAKER.

KOROVA not MAKER. KOROVA is you.

WE GOT A BOGEY THAT TOOK A ROUND STRAIGHT TO ITS JAW AND IS STILL GIVING ME RUSSIAN LESSONS OUT HERE IF ANYONE CARES!

BACKUP HAS ARRIVED. KEEP YOUR HEAD ON A SWIVEL.

SET IT LIKE A CLOCK. BOGEY IS AT 12 O'CLOCK. HIS BACKUP--

AT SIX!

гребаная свинья. *

OOF

EMMA!

* FUCKING SWINE.

JESUS, DANNY, WHAT ARE YOU FIRING AT? STAY CALM!

YOU HAVE BAD FATE.

NO STORM THAT SENDS US OFF COURSE AND YOU SURVIVE. NO PRIDE TO FIGHT US AND MAYBE WE KEEP YOU AS SLAVESSSSSSSS--

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

I GREW UP WITH MY GRANDPARENTS TELLING ME MYTHS ABOUT SHIT LIKE YOU-- AARGH!

MYTHS? HAHA, STUPID "KOROVA."

HMONG SAY IF THE DEAD TRAVEL TOO FAR FROM THEIR HOME, THEY GOTTA WALK THE LAND.

THIS BOY IS DYING OVER HERE! WE GOTTA GET HIM INSIDE.

SO, IF YOU DICKS ARE FAR FROM HOME--

YOU CAME TO THE WRONG PLACE.

AND REMIND ME TO CALL MY GRANDPARENTS.

THANK 'EM FOR THE HEADS-UP.

ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT. WHAT IS "KOROVA"?

COW YOU HERD.

IMAGINE YOU ARE HUNGRY IN PRISON, ONLY A CELLMATE...HOW YOU PLUMP HIM UP.

THIS WORLD'S THE CELL AND YOU'RE LOCKED IN IT WITH US. MOO, KOROVA. MOO.

WE NEED A PLAN. EVERYONE ACCOUNTED FOR?

THE KID HERE AIN'T GOOD.

YO. HOW'S YOUR ARM, BRO?

FINE.

EMMA, DANNY-- REPORT?

UM, WELL, DANNY'S VOMITING. AND I IMPALED A GARGOYLE. SO WE'RE...FINE?

I JUST NEED A SECOND.

THESE THINGS ARE, LIKE, OUT OF MOVIES, RIGHT?

A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART?

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DEALING WITH HERE?

RONDY MOUNTAIN.

RUSSIA LIVED NEXT TO US VERY QUIET. THOUGHT THEY COULD CONTAIN US.

CONTROL US. THEY SHOULD HAVE STAYED OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS. MOUNTAINS ARE OURS. HERE AND THERE. WE WILL GO BACK. AND THEY WILL PAY. BUT THIS PLACE SEEMED RIPE. FAT PEOPLE. FAT DISCORD. FAT OF THE LAND, YES?

Y-YES.

NOW BURN IT UP!

STAY AWAY FROM THE FIRE. HAVE ONE OF THE KOROVA DO IT.

YOU HEARD HIM, SLAVE.

NOW, IN LINE, VLADS. WE FEED.

YOU ARE SEEING SOMETHING AMAZING.

REMEMBER, BE CAREFUL HOW MUCH BLOOD YOU TAKE.

JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP YOUR MIND AND YOUR STRENGTH RIGHT.

LIKE WATCHING A GOD EAT.

ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME?

NO.

YOU'RE MY PET.

RASUL! THE MEN ARE FED.

AH, THEN NO NEED FOR THE CATTLE. THEY WOULD NOT TRAVEL WELL.

FIRE!

I LIKE YOU, PET, AND SO YOU LIVE. IT'S A WONDERFUL GIFT, NO?

KENNECOTT.

"RED HOUSES LIKE BLOOD. THIS PLACE IS GRAVEYARD, KOROVA. I CAN SMELL ITS GHOSTS."

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW?

OAK!

WHAT? ANYONE ELSE GONNA EXPLAIN HOW A HEADLESS MOTHERFUCKER IS STILL TALKING?

EMMA'S RIGHT. IT'S A VAMPIRE OR A DEVIL. OR SOMETHING. WE'RE FIGHTING FUCKING DEVILS--

STOP WHINING.

AND YOUR SISTER NEEDS TO STOP BABYING YOU. YOUR BROTHER'S A MAN, LET HIM BE ONE FOR GOD'S SAKE.

BABYING? I BROUGHT A FRIEND UP HERE AND NOW HE'S DEAD ON THE FLOOR, DAD.

SO. LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE NEED.

YOU NEED TO BE A LEADER, EMMA. YOU NEED TO DO THIS NOW. STOP TALKING TO YOURSELF AND--

THOSE THINGS HAVE MILITARY TRAINING. AT THE SAME TIME, THEY ARE MORE THAN HAPPY TO DEVOUR US WHOLE.

WE NEED INFO FROM THE HEADLESS WONDER.

SHE'S RIGHT. IF THOSE THINGS ARE COMING, WE NEED A PLAN.

WE'RE UP ON A HILL IN THESE HOUSES. GOOD FOR PICKING FOOLS OFF, IF BULLETS HURT 'EM. BUT IF NOT, THEN IT'S OUR ASSES PINNED DOWN.

DAD, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

TAKE THE GUN OUT OF HIS MOUTH. HE'S NOT SCARED. BUT MAYBE HE'S GOT A LITTLE HONOR.

WE JUST LOST ONE OF MY DAUGHTER'S FRIENDS. NOW. YOU AREN'T HUMAN.

YOU GOT RUSSIAN WEAPONS. SPEAK RUSSIAN. BUT YOU'RE MORE, AIN'T YOU?

MUCH MORE. WE COME HERE TO MAKE WHAT YOU CALL, PLANTATION.

ALL RIGHT. I'M GUESSING THESE REPORTS OF ANOTHER CHERNOBYL--THAT'S HOW THEY CHASED YOU OUT OF RUSSIA.

SO, OUR FRIEND. HE GOT BIT BY ONE OF YOU. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IF HE'S LUCKY, HE BECOMES LIKE US. IF NOT, HE GETS A VIRUS.

HE DECAY. HE DIE LIKE YOU.

THAT SO, MOTHER-FUCKER?

LOOK, WE'VE ALL SEEN ***THE LOST BOYS.*** YOU WAIT TOO LONG AND Y'ALL ARE GONNA HAVE TO SHOOT ME IN THE HEAD AND SHIT.

RATHER GIVE MYSELF A FUNERAL. BESIDES, I THINK SHIT AIN'T GOING TO GET BETTER.

I JUST HAVE ONE REQUEST.

WHAT'S THAT?

Y'ALL GIVE ME THIS SOB'S HEAD AND SEND ME OFF VIKING-STYLE. FIRE AND ARROWS. AND I SING AN OLD HMONG WARRIOR SONG. COOL?

TELL THE CARS TO SLOW. I SEE AHEAD, YES? IS BRIGHT. WE WAIT. LET IT COME TO US.

WHEN MY MOM DIED, I REALIZED SOMETHING ABOUT HUMANS AND DEATH.

WHAT TRAPS, PET? WHAT WOULD THEY HAVE?

NO TRAPS. IT'S ABANDONED.

MAINLY, THAT IT'S IMPORTANT TO GO WITH BRAVERY.

WHAT IS THAT IN THE DISTANCE?

'CAUSE MOST OF OUR LIVES, WE DON'T GET TO BE BRAVE.

IT'S COMING CLOSER.

TOO MANY PEOPLE AND THINGS DEPEND ON US.

THEY'VE SENT US A MESSAGE, IT SEEMS.

BUT OUR DEATH IS OURS AND OURS ALONE.

SO, MAKE A STATEMENT. AND MAKE IT BIG.

I'M TAKING THIS HEAD TO MY ANCESTORS, YOU FUCKS.

AND WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THE REST!

ISSUE 4
ON SALE
AUGUST 9!

DARK
HORSE
COMICS

12-GAUGE

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"